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Craven

Poems in Wartime



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in Wartime.

EDITH A. CRAVEN.



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# POEMS IN WARTIME

BY

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Amersham, Bucks.

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1919.

*“God never takes one thing away,  
but something else is given.”*

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October, 1916.

## THE STAR OF LOVE.

I gazed into the still calm night,  
With aching heart;  
To find a solace for my grief,  
To soothe the smart.  
The sky above was dark and drear,  
And clouds hung low.  
It seemed to me that nature gave  
No brighter glow.

Across the shade there came a light,  
I looked above;  
And there in radiant brightness shone,  
The Star of Love.

The Star of Love to darksome night  
Gave rays so bright;  
And beamed into my weary heart  
A hopeful light.

Earth's troubles may beset us sore,  
But there above  
For ever shines with light divine  
The Star of Love.

E. A. C.

Note.—A few moments of loneliness and sadness spent knelt at my bedroom window. A dreary night and the shining of my Star of Love. E. A. C.

## I WONDER.

I wonder when they meet me—will they disappointed be,  
Me thinks a noble person 'tis, that they expect to see,  
With face and form impressive—and with deep dark eyes that shine,  
If so—they'll disappointed be, such beauty is not mine.

'Tis just a simple girl I am, you'd meet with any day,  
I don't possess a deep rich voice, my eyes are common grey;  
The poems I have written—they were given me—but to give,  
And if they just prove useful—then 'tis glad I am to live.

My earnest wish is to perform each God appointed task,  
And if my efforts useful prove—there's nothing more I ask.  
Mankind may praise—I care not; if they blame—I say the same,  
I would not give my peace of mind for all that they could name.

Accept, I could not for a day, the praise that is not  
mine,  
I'd rather disappoint the earth, than One who is  
divine;  
So if my efforts useful prove—your grateful thanks  
then raise,  
And give to Him—Who gave to me—All honour  
and all praise.

## TRUE ENCOURAGEMENT.

A word of true encouragement,  
Will help one on the way,  
When clouds of doubt hang overhead,  
It brings a sunny day.

And often hearts grow weary, when  
A word would cheer them on,  
That word of true encouragement  
Turns sadness into song.

Like magic, it will often bring  
A smile, a ray of hope,  
And help a soul to walk in light,  
And not in darkness grope.

And yet 'tis oft we keep that word,  
Although so small the cost,  
Until the opportunity  
Has once for all been lost.

O may we think, before too late,  
To cheer our comrades on,  
With words of true encouragement  
Make life one glad, bright song.

And surely hearts will then achieve,  
Not linger on the way  
If when they ask encouragement,  
We do not answer nay.



## MY NINE YEARS OLD.

A little maid—with eyes of grey,  
With dainty modelled hands and feet,  
An oval face, and golden curls,  
And ways so winsome, and so sweet.

I watch her, in her innocence,  
So happy, and so bright and gay;  
A little maid, just nine years old,  
Unsullied as the new born day.

And when I think of future years,  
I clasp my hands, and humbly pray :  
God bless my little nine years old,  
And keep her, as she is to-day.

## A SPRING DAY.

How lovely is this bright Spring day,  
The birds are whistling, bright and gay,  
The leaflets on the trees burst forth,  
Gone is the wind from out the North.

The dainty flow'rs lift high their heads,  
And brighten up their grassy beds ;  
The sky above is bright and blue,  
And shades the waters with its hue.

The Sun's rays dance upon the brook,  
And sparkle—makes it beauteous look;  
The lambs—how joyfully they skip,  
The world is held in Springtime's grip.

And mankind smiles, and views the earth,  
And in his heart, true joy finds birth;  
He bids farewell to pain and grief,  
Just for a time he finds relief.

The bright Spring day has worked the charm,  
And given the troubled heart its calm;  
Thus, Nature, with her winning way  
Has won all—with her bright Spring day.

## ALWAYS.

When the day of toil is over,  
And its joys are past and gone,  
'Tis of you I lay a-thinking,  
Other thoughts, I've room for none.

True the sun has shone quite brightly,  
Lit the world with radiant light ;  
Now forgot is all its splendour,  
'Tis of you I think to-night.

Friends indeed I may claim many,  
And their friendship I enjoy ;  
Thoughts of them at night must vanish  
Whilst I think of you, dear boy.

All earth's pleasures, I forget them,  
To its sorrows say farewell;  
Whilst I think of you, My Dearest,  
Pray that with you all is well.

So it has been—so it will be  
All through life, till life is done;  
'Till we meet beyond death's portal,  
And Eternal Life is won.

## IN THE STATION.

I watched the Red Cross train pass through,  
And sadness filled my heart;  
As thoughts passed through of dear, brave lads,  
Who'd fought a noble part—  
Then fallen on the Battlefield  
Their noble work then done,  
Each one had fought a battle—  
And each a victory won.

I thought of how their bodies lay  
Bruised, broken, racked with pain;  
I prayed in all sincerity  
They might get well again ;  
I thought of all the anxious homes,  
The tension most intense,  
I prayed that comfort would be given  
To all in strained suspense.

I watched the Red Cross train pass through,  
And in my heart I wept  
For all the lads and all the hearts,  
Who varied vigils kept;  
I prayed my God, with all my heart,  
Would bid the war to cease,  
And give the bruised and broken world  
At last the promised peace.

## IN THE CHURCH.

How great it feels to leave the world outside  
And rest awhile in solitude and prayer;  
And think, that where-so-ever I may roam,  
My God still holds me in His Loving care.

How great it feels to leave the world outside  
With all its cares—and unto God draw near;  
Though far from home, 'tis such a joy to know  
God still is near—and there's no cause for fear.

How great it feels to leave the world outside  
And pray for those, the dearest of my heart;  
To feel once more though circumstance divide  
In person, yet in thought we do not part.

How great it feels to leave the world outside  
Just for a time—enjoy the quiet rest,  
The Holy calm—renew once more the strength,  
Then face the world again, supremely Blest.

## ALL'S WELL.

Behind the clouds the sun shines clear and bright,  
'Tis only for a time he holds his light;  
Beyond the darkest night there lies the day,  
Waiting its birth when night has passed away.

Behind the clouds of doubt truth's sun shines clear,  
Ready to banish every shade of fear;  
Beyond the tears, there always waits a smile,  
Ready to prove tears are sometimes worth while.

Behind a troubled mind, instinct will play  
Its game of foresight—give a brighter ray;  
Beyond a throbbing, aching heart will dwell—  
The precious knowledge, after all—All's Well.

## KEEP ON.

Keep on your dreaming—though dreams don't  
    come true,  
Still, in the dreaming, there's pleasure for you.

Keep on your giving—though gifts may seem  
    lost,  
Pleasure in giving redeems all the cost.

Keep on your smiling—though smiles may seem  
    vain,  
Smiling brings heart's ease, and often heals pain.

Keep on your loving—though love seems unkind,  
You'll find that loving brings peace to your mind.

Keep on your trusting—with faith, do not fear,  
You'll find that trusting brings God O so near.

## 'TIS BETTER.

'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than ne'er to love at all;  
'Tis better when you've sweetness had  
To take your share of gall.  
And memories of pleasant times  
Will help to ease the pain,  
And though the future may look dull  
The sun will shine again.

'Tis better to have given all,  
Whilst there was much to give;  
'Tis better, for your giving may  
Have helped a soul to live.  
Your life may seem quite desolate,  
And everything seem lost;  
But sure you will have recompense,  
Redeeming all the cost.

'Tis better when one may look back  
And view a sunny past;  
'Tis better, for it helps one face  
The future's wintry blast.  
And after all, the storms will come  
To young as well as old,  
And all through life you find the dross  
Is mixed up with the gold.



'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never loved at all;  
'Tis better when you've sweetness had  
To take your share of gall.  
No matter what the future holds,  
You're master of the past,  
And recompense, although delayed,  
Will come to you at last.

## MY PRAISE.

For all the blessings Thou dost give to me,  
My God, I thank Thee—and my praise shall be  
To live my life—in passing blessings on—  
And strive to give the heartache unto none.

For all the kindness Thou hast shown to me,  
My God, I thank Thee—and my praise shall be  
All through the world, unkindness to forgive,  
Strive to forget it, whilst on earth I live.

For all the love that Thou dost hold for me,  
My God, I thank Thee—and my praise shall be  
To love mankind, with love so pure and true,  
And unto mankind, acts of kindness do.

For all the blessings Thou dost give to me,  
My God, I thank Thee—and my praise shall be  
To live my life, that with life's setting sun—  
I just may hear Thee whisper to Thy child,  
    "Well Done."

## WHAT I ASK.

Just to possess tranquility of mind,  
Just to be patient and most gently kind;  
Just to be faithful, and live day by day,  
Just to be useful all along life's way.

Just to be cheerful, e'en when things go wrong,  
Just to turn sadness into gladsome song ;  
Just to be hopeful through the darkest night,  
Just to give welcome to the morning light.

Just to look back, and feel no vain regret  
E'er I pass on, earth's struggles to forget.  
To have performed each God appointed task,  
To well deserve my rest is "What I Ask."

## MY DESIRE.

To help a weary soul along life's way,  
To cheer a downcast spirit day by day;  
To live my life that with each setting sun,  
I truthfully may say, "Thy Will be Done."

To take a ray of sunshine where I go,  
To help perplexed mankind with truths I know,  
That others too, with every setting sun,  
In truthfulness may say, "Thy Will be Done."

## LOVE RETURNS.

O yearning heart, be still, be still,  
Submit, submit, the Father's Will.

O anxious mind, be calm, be calm,  
Safe in His care, safe from all harm.

O anxious mind, O heart that yearns,  
Love on, love on, for Love returns.

## IN MEMORIAM.

The time is passing, and once more we feel  
The bitter smart, that time has failed to heal;  
As we remember with a setting sun,  
His soul passed on—his earthly race was run.

So cheerful and so kind—so young in years,  
We think of him—we feel the blinding tears;  
And to our throbbing hearts we say, "be still,"  
Because we feel it must have been God's Will.

And where there is no loss, no grief, no pain,  
"Beyond the Dawn"—we all shall meet again;  
There, to forget all earthly stress and strife,  
To share with Him the Grand Eternal Life.

Note.—Written on the anniversary of the death  
of a soldier friend. Killed in action at Sunset,  
France, April, 1916.

## IF YOU ASK ME.

If you ask me, do I miss you,  
Sure I cannot answer, no;  
If you ask me, am I lonely,  
Yes, I'm lonely where I go.  
Days without you, though not dreary,  
Yet I find them sometimes weary,  
As I struggle to be cheery,  
All the time you are away.

If you ask me, am I anxious,  
Sure I cannot answer, no;  
When I know you are in peril,  
And in danger, where you go;  
Yet I waste no time in weeping,  
I just leave you in God's keeping,  
When I'm waking— when I'm sleeping,  
All the time you are away.

If you ask me, am I happy,  
Sure I cannot answer, no;  
If you wish to know the reason,  
'Tis because I love you so;  
And I know the time is fleeting,  
Bringing near the longed for meeting,  
Well I know the welcome greeting  
When you come to me some day.

Always lonely, sometimes weary,  
As the weeks just come and go;  
Though I'm anxious, yet I'm happy  
Just because I love you so.  
What care I for fortune's frowning?  
Doubts and fears, in Hope I'm drowning,  
Waiting patient for love's crowning  
When you come to me some day.



## BECAUSE.

Lonely my life—when thou art far away,  
Yet still in thought I meet thee day by day;  
Yearn for the time when home thou'lt come to stay,  
Because, I love thee—best.

Happy the years together we have spent,  
No jealous thoughts to make us less content;  
No act to mar, or cause us to repent,  
Because, we loved—so well.

Earth cannot take or change this love of mine,  
Freely I give it—it is wholly thine;  
Pure, undefiled—God make it more divine,  
Because, I love thee—best.

Happy the years (God willing) we will spend,  
As side by side, our footsteps we will wend  
Down life's long path, untill our journey's end,  
Because, we love—so well.

## TWO EYES OF BROWN.

Two eyes of brown, dear eyes of brown to me,  
'Tis oft I wonder what those eyes can see;  
As oft they gaze into the depths of mine,  
What makes them shine with love light so divine?

Maybe they see what words fail to impart,  
Or can they see love written on my heart?  
Maybe reflected in two eyes of grey,  
They read the love truths lips have failed to say.

Two eyes of brown, so dear they are to me,  
That where I go, those eyes of brown I see;  
I see them shine with love light so divine,  
Because I know those eyes of brown are mine.

## MY GOD IS LOVE.

My God is Love—that spirit, rich and rare,  
No product of the earth with it compare;  
No light above my path could ever shine  
With radiance, as the light of love divine.

The meanest task, when lit with rays of love,  
Such pleasure gives, that angels from above  
Look down with eyes that envy me my task,  
And in my place would do it—should I ask.

No cause to be dismayed by clouds of doubt,  
The light of love soon turns them inside out;  
And darkest night shines as the brightest day,  
When lit with love's imperishable ray.

The source from which all take—e'er they may give,  
Is Love—creator of the souls that live;  
And so on earth, or in the realms above  
There is one God for me—My God is Love.

## THE CHILDREN'S SECRET.

Hark ! the sound of children's voices  
Floating on the morning air;  
Free from sorrow, free from sadness,  
Life to them is bright and fair.

Hark ! the sound of children's laughter,  
Does the sound not thrill us through ?  
In our hearts we must acknowledge,  
'Tis the laughter that rings true.

Hark ! the sound of children praying,  
With their winsome verity;  
In the simple childish pleading,  
There we find sincerity.

Hark ! and learn the children's secret,  
In their song and in their pray'r;  
Simple faith and simple trusting  
Brings true happiness most rare.

## BE KIND.

When you waken in the morning,  
And you draw the window blind,  
Make your mind up—you'll be cheerful,  
And, whatever else—be kind.

There are plenty folks who grumble,  
And they are not hard to find;  
Make your mind up—you'll be cheerful,  
And, whatever else—be kind.

Others you will make more happy,  
So, where'er life's path may wind,  
Make your mind up—you'll be cheerful,  
And, whatever else—be kind.

You yourself will be more happy,  
So without a look behind,  
Make your mind up—you'll be cheerful,  
And, whatever else—be kind.

You are wanted, you are needed,  
Links of fellowship to bind,  
Make your mind up—you'll be cheerful,  
And, whatever else—be kind.

When the years of life are waning,  
You will have the peace of mind,  
Just because you have been cheerful,  
Just because you have been kind.

## TO LOVE—AND TO BE LOVED.

To love, and to be loved, makes life to me worth  
while,  
And helps through darksome night—me give the  
world a smile;  
And radiates that darkness, as with light of day,  
And surely charms all gloomy doubts and fears  
away.

To love, and to be loved, what more is there to  
ask?  
Since love makes darkness bright, and lightens  
every task;  
'Tis true I read the answer in each loving smile,  
To love, and to be loved, makes life to all worth  
while.

## SWEET TO SLEEP.

When with busy toil of day,  
Human strength almost gives way;  
When we feel too tired to pray,  
'Then—'tis sweet to sleep.

When earth's trials give us pain,  
Almost rend our hearts in twain;  
When we weary of the strain,  
'Then—'tis sweet to sleep

When with lithesome step and gay  
Tread we on the smooth calm way;  
When we come to close of day,  
'Then—'tis sweet to sleep

When our earthly race is run,  
When we leave it one by one;  
With the last rays of life's sun,  
'Twill be sweet to sleep.

## TRUST.

Do not worry, little one, Just do your best,  
Are you tired, little one? Leave it all and rest.

God our Father, little one, Loves one and all,  
He will keep you safe from harm—Will not let  
you fall.

Trust the Father, little one, Wipe every tear,  
Bid farewell to anxious care, Bid farewell to fear.

He will guide you, little one, His love will stay,  
He will lead you through the night, To Eternal  
Day.



## A PRAYER.

Evolver of the Universe,  
To Thee I humbly pray;  
O help me keep my soul from sin,  
And bless me day by day.

O help me keep my body pure,  
And Holy in Thy sight;  
And help me where-so-e'er I go,  
To do just what is right.

Whatever virtue I possess,  
O may I useful be;  
And do to all, as I would they  
Should do the same to me.

Evolver of the Universe,  
At dawn or setting sun;  
O clear my sight, and help me say  
In truth, Thy Will be Done.





R. Booth







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